



AND

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*Extract from the Beggar Girl.*

THE Colonel now being left alone with his man and the little beggar, bid her hold up her head, and not keep such a plaguy snivelling; but the instant she, in obedience to his commands, ventured to peep up, and displayed her swelled and disfigured face, smeared with blood and bathed in tears, he was obliged to have recourse to his cephalic snuff, and rung the bell with great violence.

John approached his master, but his service was rejected with a fretful pish.

Betty, or indeed more properly as head servant to a single gentleman, Mrs. Betty, who was on the wonder and the listen, entered.

"Take that animal down stairs, wash her all over in a large tub of water, and take particular care of her head, wash the blood off clean, and, d'y'e hear, tenderly."

"Who, me, Sir! me wash a little filthy beggar!—me clean her nasty head,—me! really, Sir, I must beg to be excused."

"Then see it done."

Mrs. Betty had gained one point, and therefore it was folly to stop before she had been equally successful in a second.

"She had so much regard for her master, she would lay down her life to serve him, or do any thing in her power, by night or by day, to oblige him; but to take a filthy beggar into his clean house, and expect creditable servants to soil themselves, by handling street-dirt, she hoped his honour would not be angry, but upon her honour it was what she could neither do herself, nor ask Jenny Cook to do."

"O curse your nicety!" said the Colonel sternly; "but you must get over it this moment:—the beggar or your wages, the tub or the door."

Mrs. Betty was in the habit of saying what she thought very smart, but what her superiors called very pert things, and with all possible temper, without affecting to understand herself, could be very impertinent; but she had the sense to see she had now gone the length of her tether.

To wash and clean the dirtiest little beggar that ever crept on a dunghill, who was indeed herself a moving dunghill, was certainly a disagreeable job; but then to lose a place where there was no mistress; where her bills were paid without examining; where there was a fellow servant, who besides his good looks, having lived with so generous a master in India, must have made some savings, and to whom she flattered herself she was not disagreeable; was a balance all to nothing against nicety, so that instead of carrying a second point, Mrs. Betty saw her wisest way would be to give up the first. She took out her handkerchief, wiped her tearless eye, begged pardon, would do any thing so good a master commanded, and taking Rosa's passive hand, proceeded to put his orders in execution.

John cast a look of kindness at his master; he advanced two steps, fell back, one; "I knew," said he, at last, "your honour who had saved so many brutal savages from death, would not let a poor little Christian perish in a Protestant country."

The Colonel nodded, and John got down in time to help to fill the tub.

"Now," said he, "I'll be burned if ever this poor thing knew the blessing of clean water before; how she shivers; hap she may get cold."

"Cold," repeated Betty, not half reconciled to the job; "she has had heats and colds enough to season her, I fancy."

"More's the pity, Mrs. Betty, for

"Plate tin with gold.

"And the strongest lance of justice hurtless breaks;

"Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

"Put some spirits into the water," said Jenny Cook, "in place of talking glibberish."

John mixed a bottle of rum with the water, and in the little beggar was plunged.

"My master," said Mrs. Betty, as she stood totally inactive, while superintending this grand operation, "bid me take the girl to him as soon as she was clean; but I assure I shan't do no such a thing; because why it would be monstrous undecent; for as to putting on her rags again, they will make her as bad as ever. If we could only borrow a few things for her."

"Ah," joined Jenny Cook, scrubbing a-

way on the arms of the beggar, "to go a berrerin is to go a sorrerin. Master don't mind a trifle, and there's Mrs. Jones at shop, her Poll that's just dead, was about the size of this, and I dare for to say—"

Before Jenny Cook had dared for to say another word, John was off to shop; and before Rosa was out off the tubs, had produced some clothes belonging to Mrs. Jones's Poll, that hung tolerably well on her.

"Well, after all," said Mrs. Betty, "I cannot but say the girl is worth cleaning; she is as fair as a lilly."

"And her eyes," said John, "as brown as berries."

"Her hair will be a little carrotty though," said the gardener, who was also a looker-on.

"Here is a mark if we lose her," cried Jenny Cook. "Nothing but a splash of blue," answered Mrs. Betty, "rub it off with the jack towel."

"A jack towel!" repeated John, compassion in his eye; "it will fetch blood; why, Mrs. Betty, her skin is as soft and as tender as your own."

Mrs. Betty blushed, and reached a napkin, which Jenny Cook used to no purpose. "I tell you 'tis a mark," said she.

'Tis a flower, said John.

'Tis nonsense, said Mrs. Betty, come, let's see how she looks in clean clothes, that I may take her to my master.

Nothing in all the Materia Medica is so salutary; nothing so soon shews a good effect on children, as cleanliness and regularity; a few days wholesome food, clean water, good combs, and decent cloathing, never wrought so great an alteration; the pale complexion, weak limbs, and rickety gait still remained; but there was a delicacy in her features, a softness in the expression of her countenance, and a soothing harmony in her voice, that was extremely interesting; and as if heaven had endowed her with a sense of her forlorn state, a desire to please and oblige was visible in all her little actions.

The Colonel started, he coloured, hesitated, and coloured again: the defect in his speech was particularly strong, and rendered his "Who the devil are you?" almost inarticulate.



" 'Tis Rosa, Sir, (answered Mrs. Betty) the little beggar you saved from starving."

"It cannot be,—it is impossible!" The Colonel actually trembled.

Indeed, Sir, 'tis the very same, we got a few things for her.

Rosa put her frock to her eyes.

Rosa, don't cry, said John.

Why don't you make your curtesy, Rosa, and thank his honour for your fine frock?

Rosa smiled thro' her tears, and displayed the gaudy flowers on her dress; she talked to the old favorite greyhound, hung around John, called the maids her good mammies, and in a few hours became, next to John and the greyhound, the Colonel's greatest favorite: when he walked out, she waited with his slippers; when he had the headache, she climbed for his cephalic; when he wished to be quiet, she was silence personified; when he suffered her to amuse him, her little tongue never ceased; if he was irritable, she soothed; if melancholy, enlivened; and, in short, soon became necessary to his existence.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

*Extract from an Address delivered by Mr. JAMES A. NEAL, Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy, to his Pupils on Saturday last.*

"——I SHALL now, Young Ladies, make some observations on a subject to which your attention has been frequently called, more frequently indeed than there would have been occasion for, had but teachers and the public in general, co-operated in rendering it popular, viz.

#### COMPOSITION.

The intrinsic excellence and utility of this art, must be obvious to every reflecting mind. It is an embellishment to all the other sciences—the only legitimate medium through which they can be communicated. Learning, without some facility in writing, is an inanimate mass. It is to Literature in general, what friction is to the diamond, without which its lustre would for ever be obscured.

Years are laudably devoted to other branches of science, whilst this, the ornament of them all, is criminally neglected. Females are thus suffered to acquire, by the solitary unassisted exertions of their own minds, an acquaintance with composition, or to remain totally ignorant of it, just as chance or caprice may direct.

After having acquired a competent knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and perhaps geography, it is inexcusable, in my opinion, to neglect teaching you at least the practical part of composition. Letter-writing, in particular, is so profitable and so pleasing a study, that it cannot with propriety or safety be neglected.

Some persons who possess, in other respects, a liberal education, by having neglected this exercise, appear totally unimproved. If they attempt to write even a common letter of business, they subject themselves to inevitable ridicule. This is unavoidable. For, as Dr. Blair truly observes, the frequent habit of composition is indispensable in order to attain a good style. No rules, he adds, without this practice,

can answer the purpose. Frequent attempts indeed are requisite to write with even a tolerable degree of correctness and perspicuity. How contemptible are the productions of many, who in youth acquired, and deserved the reputation of scholars, through this fatal negligence. Their obscurity of expression, together with unavoidable grammatical and orthographical errors, are equally the objects of pity and derision.

Early convinced of the importance of this part of an education, I have persisted to instruct you therein, unaided, and opposed by many difficulties, until the present period. You are doubtless sensible of my unceasing efforts in this respect. Nor can any one capable of reflection, regret that part of a day in each week is devoted to an object of such concern. Let me appeal to those of you who have long been instructed in composition, whether you do not pursue your various studies with greater delight since you commenced this weekly exercise of the mind? whether the necessity of obtaining knowledge does not appear more manifest? whether, if it were possible, you would barter this inestimable privilege, for any reward which could be proffered?

Many of you, young ladies, may recollect the period, when it appeared almost impossible to express even a few commonplace ideas on paper. The task was then deemed a peculiar hardship. With some of you however such difficulties have entirely disappeared: and you are surprised they should have assumed the appearance. Many specimens of your proficiency in composition have been exhibited—honourable to yourselves, grateful to your parents, and delightful to me. Be persuaded that habit will make this duty not only easy, but delightful. And how frequently after you vanquish every opposing obstacle, will you have reason to felicitate yourselves on the conquest!

Facility in composition will also teach you to express your ideas verbally with propriety and grace. The specific force as well as beauty of language will then be familiar to you. Hence you will be able to form an accurate opinion of the style of authors, and to select such works for perusal, as are calculated to refine and inform the understanding. Reflection is the natural attendant upon this invaluable exercise. It naturally leads you into a train of salutary reflections. Whatever then has a tendency to promote contemplation, claims your first attention. For the dignity of human nature is defaced when thought is banished.

To be able to express your ideas with ease and propriety on paper, is a source of enviable felicity, as it enables you with modest assurance to correspond with distant friends and relatives. An intercourse may be thus maintained with the most remote parts of the civilized world. The pleasure as well as advantage resulting from this arrangement, cannot be too highly appreciated. It is alone the precious substitute for personal intimacy. It cements and harmonizes distant communities, and forms a bright and immeasurable chain of amity. Nor can this reciprocal interchange of sentiment exist unless the parties possess a practical

acquaintance with composition, which indeed necessarily includes a cultivated and liberal mind.

I might still greatly enlarge upon the excellence of this essential branch of a finished education. The subject indeed is both copious and interesting; but time admonishes me to conclude . . .

For the Philadelphia Repository.

#### WINTER.

"Tho' yon poor orb no warmth bestows,  
"And storms united meet;  
"The flame of love and friendship glows  
"With unextinguish'd heat."

To welcome Winter with all its represented gloom and rigorous inhospitality, may appear absurd and irrational!—But, to the philosophic admirer of the magnificent grandeur, beautiful simplicity and divine harmony uniting only in the sublime system of nature, each progressive season produces an inexhaustible source of contemplation and delight.—Tho' the cheering sun denies the glowing ardour of his power, and is succeeded by the autumnal frosts—though the mild zephyrs are exchanged for the bleak storms of December; Happiness still revolves in her never-changed sphere.—We find in the social circle that joy which ever warms the susceptible heart.—Though the rivers and springs of the earth are bound with icy fetters—tho' summer's verdant carpet is hid by fleecy snow, and gloom succeeds to gloom around the expansive arch of heaven, abstracting from our view the bright cerulean sky.—Yet if the translucent springs of benevolence and love, congeal not in the heart—if the heart continues to receive refreshing streams from the Fountain of all good, from whence those celestial blessings copiously flow, not all the gloom of winter can darken or annihilate that resplendent joy which beams in the fruitful soul, producing rational and edifying conversation, whilst it engages the mind in the contemplation of joys more durable than this world can give—Pleasures like these chase away the gloom of winter, effectually disarm the impending storm, and supplant prejudicial ideas of the season with an alacrity to give it a welcome reception. W. S.

#### MATILDA—A FRAGMENT.

\*\*\*\*\* The silent orbs of night gilded the village spire, and glimmered with silver rays over the undulating lake—the house dog's bark resounded over the frozen surface of the earth, while the simple rustic's tale inspired vociferous mirth. Oh! night, beneath thy spectred gloom what tears of anguish fall unknown! The busy sons of care repose their weary limbs in sleep; the votaries of pleasure tread the sparkling domes of revelry and joy, regardless all of yon poor wretch whose throbbing bosom wedded to despair, bends o'er yon grassy tomb. Her husband's and her infant's grave has long been watered with Matilda's tears—for 18 years has mouldered in the earth the young Eugenius. When tyrant power dared hope to manacle the free-born sons of America, his youthful feet stepped foremost in the field—he fought for freedom—for his country died.—Matilda and her only infant pined in solitude and want, and from the chilling grasp of poverty her lonely babe sought refuge in her father's arms—"Oh! shame! where is thy blush!"—that stem misfortune dared mark MATILDA for his own, and man resign her to her fate! . . .



## EXTRACT FROM PARK'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

IT is impossible to describe the joy that arose in my mind, when I looked around and concluded I was out of danger.

I soon became sensible, however, that my situation was very deplorable; for I had no means of procuring food, nor prospect of finding water. About ten o'clock perceiving a herd of goats feeding close to the road, I took a circuitous route to avoid being seen; and continued travelling through the wilderness, directing my course by compass, nearly E. S. E. in order to reach, as soon as possible, some town or village of the kingdom of Bambarra.

A little after noon, when the burning heat of the sun was reflected with double violence from the hot sand, and the distant ridges of the hills seen through the ascending vapour seemed to wave and fluctuate like the unsettled sea, I became faint with thirst, and climbed up a tree in hopes of seeing distant smoke, or some other appearance of a human habitation; but in vain; nothing appeared all round but thick underwood, and hillocks of white sand.

About four o'clock I came suddenly upon a large herd of goats, and pulling my horse into a bush, I watched to observe if the keepers were Moors or Negroes. In a little time I perceived two Moorish boys, and with some difficulty persuaded them to approach me. They informed me that the herd belonged to Ali, and that they were going to Deena, where the water was more plentiful, and where they intended to stay until the rain had filled the pools in the Desert. They shewed me their empty water-skins, and told me that they had seen no water in the woods. This account afforded me but little consolation; however, it was in vain to repine, and I pushed on as fast as possible, in hopes of reaching some watering-place in the course of the night. My thirst was by this time become insufferable; my mouth was parched and inflamed; a sudden dimness would frequently come over my eyes, with other symptoms of fainting; and my horse being very much fatigued, and I began seriously to apprehend that I should perish of thirst.—To relieve the burning pain in my mouth and throat, I chewed the leaves of different shrubs, but found them all bitter and of no service to me.

A little before sun-set, having reached the top of a gentle rising, I climbed a high tree, from the top-most branches of which I cast a melancholy look over the barren Wilderness, but without discovering the most distant trace of a human dwelling. The same dismal uniformity of shrubs and sand every where presented itself, and the horizon was as level and uninterrupted as that of the sea.

Descending from the tree, I found my horse devouring the stubble and brush-wood with great avidity; and as I was now too faint to attempt walking and my horse too much fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle and let him shift for himself; in doing which I was suddenly affected with sickness and giddiness and falling upon the sand, felt as if the hour of Death was fast approaching. "Here then, thought I, after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end." I cast, as I believed, a last look upon the surrounding scene, and whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world with its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature, however, at length, resumed its functions; and on recovering my senses, I found myself stretched upon the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence. And as the evening was somewhat cool, I resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching my only resource, a watering-place. With this view, I put the bridle on my horse, and driving him before me, went slowly a-

long for about a hour, when I perceived some lightning from the N. E. a most delightful sight, for it promised rain: The darkness and lightning increased very rapidly, and in less than a hour I heard the wind roaring among the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected; but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind, as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms, and I was obliged to mount my horse, and stop under a bush, to prevent being suffocated. The sand continued to fly in amazing quantities for near an hour, after which I again set forward, and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. About this time I was agreeably surprized by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain: In a little time the sand ceased to fly, and I alighted, and spread out all my clean clothes, to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall. For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes.

There being no moon it was remarkably dark, so that I was obliged to lead my horse and direct my way by the compass, which the lightning enabled me to observe. In this manner I travelled with tolerable expedition, until past midnight, when, the lightning becoming more distant, I was under the necessity of groping along, to the no small danger of my hands and eyes. And about two o'clock my horse started at something, and looking round I was not a little surprized to see a light at a short distance among the trees, and supposing it to be a town, I groped along the sand in hopes of finding corn-stalks, cotton or other appearances of cultivation, but found none. As I approached, I perceived a number of other lights in different places, and began to suspect that I had fallen upon a party of Moors. However, in my present situation, I was resolved to see who they were, if I could do it with safety. Accordingly I led my horse cautiously towards the light, and heard by the lowing of the cattle, and the clamorous tongues of the herdsmen, that it was a watering-place, and more likely belonged to the Moors.—Delightful as the sound of the human voice was to me, I resolved once more to strike into the woods and rather run the risk of perishing of hunger, than trust myself again in their hands; but being still thirsty, and dreading the approach of the burning day, I thought it prudent to search for the wells, which I expected to find at no great distance. In this pursuit I inadvertently approached so near one of the tents, as to be perceived by a woman, who immediately screamed out. Two people came running to her assistance from some of the neighbouring tents, and passed so very near me, that I thought I was discovered, and hastened again into the woods.

About a mile from this place I heard loud and confused noises, somewhat to the right of my course, and in a short time, was happy to find it was the croaking of frogs, which was heavenly music to my ears. I followed the sound, and at day break arrived at some shallow muddy pools, so full of frogs that it was difficult to discern the water. The noise they made frightened my horse, and I was obliged to keep them quiet by beating the water with a branch until he had drank. Having here quenched my thirst, I ascended a tree, and the morning being calm, I soon perceived the smoke of the watering-place which I had passed in the night, and observed another pillar of smoke E. S. E. distant twelve or fourteen miles. Towards this I directed my route, and reached the cultivated ground a little before eleven o'clock; where seeing a number of Negroes at work, planting corn, I enquired the name of the town, and was told it was a Foulah village belonging to Ali. I had now some doubts about entering it; but my horse being very much fatigued, and the day growing hot, not to mention the pangs of hunger which began to assail me, I resolved to venture; and accordingly rode up to the Docty's house, where I was unfortunately denied admittance, and could not obtain even a handful of corn, either for myself or horse. Turning from this inhospitable door, I rode slowly out of town, and per-

ceiving some low scattered huts without the walls, I directed my route towards them; knowing that in Africa, as well as in Europe, hospitality does not always prefer the highest dwellings. At the door of one of those huts, an old motherly woman sat, spinning cotton; I made signs to her, that I was hungry; and enquired if she had any victuals with her in the hut. She immediately laid down her distaff, and desired me in Arabic to come in. When I had seated myself upon the floor, she set before me a dish of kouskous that had been left the preceding night, of which I made a tolerable meal, and in return for this kindness, gave her one of my pocket handkerchiefs; begging at the same time a little corn for my horse, which she readily brought me.

Overcome with joy at so unexpected a deliverance, I lifted up my eyes to heaven, and whilst my heart swelled with gratitude, I returned thanks to that gracious and bountiful Being, whose power had supported me under so many dangers, and had now spread for me a table in the wilderness.

## ANECDOTES.

In a certain country town not many thousand miles from this city, an action was brought by a Mr. F— against his neighbour for stealing a turkey. The judge wishing to know the defendant's character, a countryman bawled out, "O yes, zur, he comes from very honest parents; his father was a lawyer!" The court was thrown into a convulsion of laughter; but the jury, notwithstanding this excellent character, found the prisoner guilty.

Two Ambassadors from the Republic of Venice to the Emperor Frederick, observed that they were treated with great contempt by his Imperial Majesty, on account of their youth, as he expressed extreme surprise that two young beardless ambassadors should be sent to his court. "If the Republic," said one of them, had only known that your majesty preferred beards to wisdom, they could have sent a couple of goats, as being likely to be acceptable."

Two country barbers, one scarce three feet and a half high, the other upwards of six feet, resided in Sussex, not twenty miles apart, and personally unknown to each other, considered themselves as rivals, and from some keen censure of the little man, determined the tall man to shew his superiority by some means. He accordingly one day took occasion to go purposely to the little man's house to be shaved, and gave some particular reason, that in that operation he could never bear to sit down. The little man, not willing to lose the job, readily undertook, and finished the troublesome business, calling a pair of steps to his aid. After he was gone, the little man, finding him his rival, and considering how he could repay in kind, went one day to the tall man's house, and desired him also to shave him, adding, that he could never bear but to sit in a chair during the operation; in which situation the tall man was obliged, by a customary etiquette of tonsorial professors, to go thro' the very troublesome job; by which means the short man had a full retaliation.

## CURIOUS WAGER.

A bet of 50 dollars was lately decided in this City, between two Gentlemen, one of whom wagered, that he would produce a man to weigh seven pounds more after dinner than when he had sat down to that meal.—The man was found.—He eat one pound of meat and vegetables, and drank five quarts of small beer. To those who know the weight of liquids, it is scarcely necessary to say, that he weighed eleven pounds heavier than when he sat down. The laugh was, of course, much against the loser.



POETRY.

VERSES,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
WASHINGTON.

LAMENTED Chief! at thy distinguish'd deeds,  
The world shall gaze with wonder and applause;  
While on fair history's page the patriot reads,  
Thy matchless valour in thy country's cause.

Yes, it was thine, amid destructive war,  
To shield it nobly from Oppression's chain;  
By Justice arm'd to brave each threatening jar,  
Assert its Freedom, and its Rights maintain.

Much honour'd Statesman, Husband, Father, Friend,  
A generous nation's grateful tears are thine;  
E'en unborn ages shall thy worth commend,  
And never-fading laurels deck thy shrine.

Illustrious warrior! on th' immortal base,  
By freedom rear'd, thy envied name shall stand;  
And Fame, by Truth inspir'd shall fondly trace,  
Thee—PRIDE AND GUARDIAN OF THY NATIVE  
LAND.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

WANDERING from Ambition's height,  
Driven from Dissipation's train,  
Where does Happiness alight?  
Where begins her blest domain?

From the heart which vice disdains,  
Still with eager haste she flies,  
And the place where folly reigns,  
Will eternally despise.

But where heav'nly virtue glows,  
Where the mild affections play,  
Where benevolence o'erflows,  
There the goddess deigns to stay.

To the fond domestic scene,  
Still delighted, she retires;  
There diffuses joy serene,  
There the purest bliss inspires.

When a parent's tender carer,  
Are with filial fondness paid,  
And fraternal love appears,  
In perpetual smiles array'd.

Friendship in a thousand forms,  
Wakes the mutual wish to please,  
And the word affection warms,  
Rivals with Arabia's breeze.

Thus, though flown from Folly's height,  
Driven from Dissipation's train,  
Here will Happiness alight,  
Here securely ever reign.

EPIGRAM.

A MISER drawing near his end,  
Was by his doctor urg'd to send,  
(As he in cure had fail'd in skill)  
For Proctor Page to make his will.

The will drawn up in usual form—  
"I give"—Gripus began to storm—  
"Give!—not a sixpence will I give  
"To any person while I live."

"Then, Sir, to whom bequeath your self?"  
"To whom (quoth Gripus) to myself!"  
"Sir, say, if you will not declare,  
"The Law will speedily find an heir."

"You're quite mistaken, Mr. Proctor,  
As much as in my case the doctor:  
My wealth is hid so safe, d'ye mind it?  
That Law nor Physic e'er shall find it."

Grave Physic star'd, the Lawyer sigh'd,  
Old Gripus grin'd, and groan'd, and dy'd;  
When Doctor, Proctor, strange to see,  
Their EXIT made without a FEE.

MY BONNY BELL.

WHILST bucks and beaux in this great town,  
Fill bumpers to the fair and brown,  
And think all others they excel,  
Content am I with modest BELL.

Tho' she no fashion'd shape can boast,  
To rank a fascinating toast,  
Nor has soft eyes Love's tales to tell,  
Yet still I prize my lovely BELL.

She pouts no pulpy velvet lip,  
Whence Hybla's honey one might sip,  
As ancient poets finely tell;  
Yet not amiss the mouth of BELL.

Like Mara, she'll enchanting sing,  
If one but let her have her swing,  
Her tongue can speak too, passing well;  
O thou persuasive syren, BELL!

When I am grumbling in the gizzard,  
As if attack'd by witch or wizzard,  
Her accents soon my pangs dispel,  
No doctor heals like Bonny BELL.

Yet check your envy, pretty misses,  
You'll lose by her no wish'd for kisses,  
Since this plain truth I'll frankly tell,  
My gypsey-girl's the DINNER-BELL.

BEEF-EATER.

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE.

"LIFE IS BUT A SPAN."

IN a lovely and fruitful vale, between the rugged cliffs of Chaldea, watered by a perennial stream branching in gentle murmurs from the magnificent but turbid Euphrates, Barcas, descended from the ancient patriarchs, pitched his tents to tend his bleating flocks and loving herds; a towering palm, venerable with age, the shadow of whose spreading branches offered a cooling retreat from the scorching rays of the noon-tide sun, stood before them; and behind them a lofty and thick grove of citrons and pomegranates, delighted the eye of the traveller, and gave its spicy odours to the fluttering zephyrs and tanning breezes. His doors were always open to the stranger and fatherless. The indigent found in him a generous benefactor, and the oppressed a powerful protector. He delighted to remove the chilling hand of poverty from the unfortunate, and to pour the balm of comfort into the breast of the sorrowful and friendless. Filled with the generous principles of virtue and beneficence, he was not content with enjoying happiness himself, but desirous of extending it to all the human race. He always pitched his tents within sight of some principal road, that the weary traveller might find refreshment, and rest securely after the toils of the day. Amongst the rest that visited the hospitable tents of Barcas, was Liborat of Teflis, who had been driven into exile by the Sophi of Persia. His countenance was clouded with cares and disappointment, and his attention wholly employed in meditating his misfortunes.

Barcas received the unfortunate stranger with that cordial affection which had endeared him to all the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries. He treated him in the most hospitable manner, and endeavoured, by a cheerful and engaging manner to banish that melancholy which preyed upon his mind; but finding all his endeavours fruitless, he thus addressed Liborat of Teflis:

"Some misfortune, heavier than those common to the sons of men, has doubtless fallen upon thee, and thy spirits are unable to support the ponderous weight. But tell me, thou that hast drank deep of the bitter cup of affliction, is it in possible to remove the cause of thy grief, or to mitigate thy sorrow? Is the dart of affliction

pierced so far into thy breast, that it cannot be drawn and is the wound too deep to admit of a cure? Remember that the path of life lies along the margin of the river of Adversity, and every human being is obliged to drink often of its bitter stream. But let not the misfortunes common to all men discourage us, nor deprive us of those innocent pleasures which the All-Bountiful Father of the universe hath scattered round with a liberal hand."

Thy reasonings, Barcas, replied the stranger, are doubtless just; but misfortunes like mine are too heavy to be supported. Thou canst not be a stranger to the melancholy fate of Liborat of Teflis; he flourished till lately like the cedars of Lebanon, and was eminently noticed by some of the rulers of the earth. The oppressed implored his protection, and at his command the proud tyrants laid the rod of oppression aside. But the proud and haughty Sophi prevailed against and buried his honours in the dust. His property is near all destroyed, and his wife and child captives in the house of an unrelenting master. Oh! Barcas, can misfortunes like these be supported with patience, or lessened by the generous aid of friendship? I well know that if thy wisdom can point out a remedy for my grief, thy sincere desire of being serviceable to all the sons and daughters of affliction, will not suffer thee to conceal it; but this, I fear is a task beyond thy power.

Liborat, replied the shepherd of Chaldea, thy misfortunes are certainly grievous and heavy to be borne, but let not thy hours be spent in fruitless complaining, nor dare to pry into the arcana of heaven. Call not afflictive turns of life evil, till thou art able to comprehend the intention for which they were sent, and the good, for ought thou knowest, may arise from them: view thyself with care and sincerity, and take a true list of all thy vices: remember the All-Wise Being is best acquainted with thy frame, and considers thou art but a child of the dust. Blame not the Governor of the Universe because thou canst not search the profundity of his measures, nor find out the depth of his judgment; considering thy sight is at present imperfect and confined within very narrow bounds; but the veil shall soon be rent, and thou shalt see more clearly that thy present distresses are for thy future good advantage. The clouds of misfortune and vapours of affliction shall be dispersed by the brightness of a clearer sun—The thunders of affliction shall no longer utter their hoarse voices, and the billows of grief which now rage, shall sink into a steady calm. Learn, therefore, Liborat, to govern the unruly passions of thy repining soul. Remember that the things thou hast lost were only lent by that Being who formed the universe of nought, and who hath not wrested them from thee with a tyrant's hand; but for what purpose is impossible to be known, nor should wretched mortals presume to enquire. Submit thyself therefore to his pleasure, and bear thy misfortunes with constancy and resignation; wait with patience and submission till thou art taken out of the regions of distress and sorrow, and then thou shalt receive an ample reward for all thy afflictions and misfortunes.

These reflections revived the heart of the desponding Liborat, he thanked the generous Barcas for his friendly and cordial advice, and departed from his hospitable tents in peace until the death of his worthy and virtuous friend, which happened shortly after.

EPIGRAPH

ON A COMEDIAN.

SACRED to the Memory of THOMAS JACKSON, Comedian, who was engaged Decen ber 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters, in this vast Theatre, *The World*, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his accounts closed, he made his exit in the *Tragedy of Death*, on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being called, once more called to rehearsal, where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast off past betried, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt for the love he bore to performers in general.